12

A PASTORAL UPON THE OVERTURES.

Printed in the Year 1721.

April. 5. 1724.

1-485.140

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GIFT OF
REV. JOHN S. PENMAN
Mar. 12, 1937

AMINTOR AND DAMON

A Paſtoral.

DAMON

WHILE round the Knolls our Lambs, *Amintor*, play
Let us Divert our ſelves as well as they.

AMINTOR

Take then a Walk with me to yonder Grove,
Where we may talk of Beautie and of Love,

DAMON.

I rather like to talk of that New SCHEME
That's Like to ſet our Nation in a Flame.
At preſent, O *Amintor*, I incline,
To hear your Thoughts of this, and tell you mine.

AMINTOR.

Two moſt Pernicious Schemes of late have been
Propos'd I know not which of them you Mean.
The one controll's our Creed, and ſeems to be
Reviving an exploded HERESIE.
The other is a Plot to Undermine
An Ancient *Pillar* of our DISCIPLINE.

DAMON.

The Firſt although it may Concern us all,
Moſt on our Neighbours *South* and *Weſt*, doth fall.
The other like a Sword above our Head;
From Heaven and Good Men Imploreth Aid.
To wit that new amended OVERTURE,
That Kicks our RULING-ELDERS to the Door.
This as our preſent Subject I propoſe,
That we may better Argue with our Foes.—

AMINTOR.

Since then we have our feeding Flocks in View,
Speak firſt then I'le Object and Anſwer you,
And if of Diſputes, you obſerve the Laws,
Come cloſs unto the Merits of the Cauſe.

DAMON.

LAY ELDERS Pow'r in Voting is the String,
On which all our Superiour Courts do hing:
CRITERION of our Church in pureſt Times,
And greateſt Aw-band of enormous Crimes,
Yea ſo to Speak the fundamental Pin
Supports our Worſhip and our Diſcipline.
To move Land-marks both was in *Moſes* Time,
And in the new Econ'omie is a Crime.
Will Men of Education, as you know,
Few Seſſions but at leaſt have one or Two.
Tamelie yield up that Claim of Divine Right,
For which their Anceſtors did Pray and Fight.

For

For which like *Hero's* our Reformers Stood,
And Dying Martyres seal'd it with their Blood,
When such Divisions in a Church fall out,
The fatal Ax is laid unto the Root.
Nor are they Forreign Axes, but our own,
Our Churches Carv'd Work are Hewing down.
Our Church (I think I see it with these Eyes,
Like *Cæsar* in the Senat bleeding Lyes,
And with a Ruefull Voice & *tu mi Fili*! Crys.
Incroachments on Church Forms 'tis thought by some,
Portend a sad Catastrophie to come.

AMINTOR

The Candour of our Teachers is well known,
Speak nothing *Damon*, that you dare not own.

DAMON.

No fear of that *Amintor*, for you'll find,
A Thousand unto one are of my Mind.
Were these great Men Alive, whom I could Name,
Their Awfull Looks, would quench this rising Flame,
High-flying Spirits bright Inducments spill,
Apply the Guilt unto themselves who will.
When *Phaeton* did 'bove his Sphere aspire
His Coach and Six did set the World on Fire.
These in the Church, like *Pompey* in the State
No equal will admit may meet his Fate.
Or Burst like *Æsops* Toad, when swooln too great,
Our Fathers did their Fathers Footsteps hold;
But now the Young are Wiser than the Old.
Ambition with the World did begin,
And introduc'd sad Catalogues of Sin.
And *James* and *John* first in our SAVIOURS Time,
Recorded are as Guiltie of that Crime.
Their Mother for them begg'd to high a Post,
And seeking Right and Left, they almost Heaven lost.
Judas thought Thirty Pound would make him great,
But by the way a Loop-knot was his Fate,
Diotrephes comes next, that hated Name,

Of

Of Church-men firſt the NEGATIVE did Claim.
And *Demas* who did Paritie Diſdain,
Deſerted *Paul*, and Judaiz'd again,
Think ye not we this NEGATIVE may ſpare,
That Antichriſt rais'd to the Papal Chair?

AMINTOR.

I fear your Clergie *Damon* will Object,
That you an Independant Church Erect.

DAMON.

I have my ſelf heard ſuch a Trivial Chat,
But there's more fear of *Prelacie* than that,
Our young *Scots* Gentrie from the Court come down,
Train'd to the Surplice, value not the Gown,
And when they come to their Eſtates at laſt,
They hold their *Engliſh* Education faſt.
If thus through Time the Gentrie we may loſe.
Why will we make the Lay'tie our Foes?
The High-church Party will with Zealous Heat,
Preſs UNIFORMITIE in Church and State.
Fine *Engliſh* Cloath will Sute a Royal Burgh,
For our *Scots* Grey is very Courſe and Rough,
A reall Flame did once their Market Spill,
One in a Metaphore may be as ill.
No Citie could of Late more Zealous be
Some of them now are like to take the Gi.
Had *Melibeus* (whoſe great Name my Muſe,
To Honour with wet Cheeks cannot Refuſe)
One of their Rev'rend Teachers been Alive,
Whoſe Pen made *Æſop* Fight the NEGATIVE.
The ſame Learn'd Pen had as it did before,
Demoliſh'd the new clouted OVERTURE;
And had more Comick Apologues found out
To Prove it *Tout de meſme* for all the Clout
With *Phlegons* leave and *Phebus* other Steeds,
Whoſe fear of an Eccliſe firſt ſow'd theſe Seeds,
Whoſe Bellies were ſo full their Heads ſo Hot,
They kick'd and Gallop'd off the old Job-troat,

In

In *Levies* Tribe, I doubt if we will find,
That he hath left his Parallel behind.
O were I fit his Cudgels up to take,
I'd Arm my Muſe with Satyr for his Sake,
Æſop a ſecond Bell for Church ſhould Ring.
And Squib the World out of this *Non—Ens* Thing.
The Wolf, the Aſs, the Horſe and other Beaſts,
Should turn the Tables and Preach unto the Prieſts,

AMINTOR.

Damon you ſeem to whet your angrie Pen.
Againſt five Pious Learned Honeſt Men.

DAMON.

No Man on *Earth*, more Deference can pay,
To PASTORS when they keep the old Path-way.
But up goes Goſsoprie if they go aſtray.
Although ſix Hundred in a former Reign,
Eight Chalder thought it was a Sin to tyne.
Yet I no Jealouſie can intertain.
But theſe are honeſt Hearted in the Main.
They worldlie Pomp and Mammon do contemn,
A Coach and Lordſhip is no Bait to them.
Though for the OVERTURES they ſeem to be
The Annals of our Church, will let them ſee.
That ſuch new Forms of Government are fair,
The Credit of the Goſpel to Impair,
The ſeven *Aſian* Angels who well knew
What was to them, what to LAY ELDERS Due.
Though ſome of them were Dead, and ſome Luke-warm,
With NEGATIVES, their Churches did not harme.
And it will much our Churches Peace diſturb.
If Preaching *Elders* Ruling ones thus curb.
Had pious *Gray* and *Durham* been on Life,
There had not in that Citie been ſuch Strife,

AMINTOR.

Damon you much in Ironie Delight,

And with a Partie Spirit ſeem to fight,
That NEGATIVE hath put you in a Pet.
Where is that Church that hath a better Set?
Goſpel Simplicitie makes our Worſhip Shine,
And Scripture Rules Support our Diſcipline.

DAMON.

Miſtake me not *Amintor*, for my Pen
Strikes at the NEGATIVE, and not the Men
If they diſown that Brat to be their Child,
My Muſe and they will ſoon be reconcil'd.
Untill that be, I'll raiſe the HUE and CRY,
For it doth cut the Houghs of PARITIE.
And paves the Way to *Prelacie* again,
Which when it Comes is always *Scotlands* Bane.
To our Experience we find it ſo,
That Purity with PARITIE doth go.
Who knows what Skaith it hath alreadie Done,
I'll Speak no good o't, though I ſpeak a Moon.
Theſe of *Phlebotomie* did ſtand in need
Whoſe Nodles did this fatal Wild-fire breed.
It makes more Non-ſenſe to be ſpoke than both
The late black *Teſt* and *Abjuration* Oath.
Some Pariſhes are on their high Horſe ſo,
They'l ſhut their Kirks and to the Mountains go.
Church-Wardens, *Clerks*, and *Beddalls* Roar and Rave
And Drink away the little Wit they have.
And I may calmlie ſay, for my own Part,
It puts an unco Stourie to my Heart.

AMINTOR.

Damon be eaſie and more ſparing ſpeak
That the Aſſemblie may no umbrage take
Who did tranſmit the OV'RTURES to prevent
Debates that might in SESSIONS make a Rent
That *Paſtors* be not forced to approve
A Call unto a Brother they not Love.

DAMON.

If PATRON ELDERS, HERITORS and all
The Heads of Families give a legall Call
And Magiſtrates if any be Conſent
Can four or five obſtruct the Settlement?
If this ſhall come in force who knows but we
long ſilent *Sabbaths* in the Land may ſee?
And if it be the Way our Calls muſt goe
The HIGH CHURCH ſoon will overtop the low.
Our King would ſee *Church Grievances* redreſt
If we had any Friends at Court to preſ't
But if he hear of our Debates he may
Sirs ye are idle, ye are idle ſay.
And give us other kind of Cards to play.

AMINTOR,

Doth not the *Union* all our Laws ſecure
And put our *Church* out of the *Prelates* Power?

DAMON.

If a high flying *Parliament* fall out
Which long revolving Years may bring about
Like *Æſops* Aſs we need not want our Fears
That may be voted Horns which we call Ears
If ſo, for all our Laws, 'twill be in Vain
To any but to Heaven to complain

AMINTOR.

Again ſome ſay what needeth all this Noiſe?
Lay Elders are unneceſſary Toys,
Moſt of them are they verilie believe
Tools to the Prieſt without the *Negative*
The Deacons Office is a ſacred Thing
And can it's Warrand from the Scripture bring
Theirs is precarious and no Right can claim
But what from humane Inſtitution came.

DAMON.

Amintor well put in, who told you ſo?
Ev'n they themſelves ſome Elders mettall know
Our own *Kirk-ſeſſion* with ſome Lawers ſhines,
And others oft miſtaken for *Divines*.
For Gravitie and Probitie they think no ſhame

No

To anſwer in *Aſſemblies* to there Name.
And for the truth they as much *Zeal* do ſhew,
As ſome of our Learned, *Moderators* doe.
And doe you think it always to be ſeen,
That one Mans witt is better then Sixteen.
But for there *Divine Right* who quarrel it,
Betray there Ignorance of Sacred *Write*.

AMINTOR.

Again they ſay their *Credite* to retreive,
Th' amended OVERTUR'S not the *NEGATIVE*.

DAMON.

Such *Metaphyſicks* which ſome of them uſe,
The Minds of honeſt Countreymen amuſe
But thinking Men may eaſily perceive
It rather is a double *Negative*.
The *Paſtor* ſtops the Vote, that's on you know,
And then the *Claſſick* meeting; that is two
To tell me that is not the *Negative*
Would make grave *Seneca* ſmile in his Sleeve

AMINTOR.

If you the *Populace* too much exalt
They'l ſlight their Teachers when they get their Malt

DAMON.

To ſlight that *Sacred Function* were a Sin
But to their Sleeves our Faith we will not pin
For their Works Sake I'll give them Hat and Door
But plead in Votes a *Paritie* of Power

AMINTOR.

What if a Vote ſhould chance to come in Hand,
That puts your PASTORS Conſcience to a Stand?

DAMON.

Now you come cloſs *Amintor* to the Point;
But yet that muſt not put us out of Joint.
We *Scotſmen* may be wet with our own Miſt,
You may ſuppoſe a Thing may nee'r exiſt.
Why ſhould we buſk imaginarie Fears,
To ſet us all together by the Ears?
I never yet a Knottie Caſe could find,
But all the Members for Advice inclin'd.

In all our other Courts as well as this,
Pluralitie of Votes Decisive is.
And Criminals no Medicine have for't,
But an APPEAL to a Superiour Court,
Yet since the Execution all agree,
Lodg'd in the PASTORS Breast alone to be
If after Reasoning he no Clearness find,
For that to which the most part are inclin'd.
Tyrannick Dommination it would be,
Against his Light to force him to agree.
In that case if the *Presbytrie* be pleased,
As was in our late *Pastors* time practis'd
His *Conscience* by an other may be cas'd
But for direction to referr my *Vote*
Our Books of *Discipline* know nothing o't
I would *SESSIONS* onlie Committies declare,
That Matters might for higher Courts prepare,

AMINTOR.

Now *Damon* I confess you have said more,
To solve the Knot, than I have heard before,
And that to thinking Men, I do believe,
May cut the Crupper off the the NEGATIVE,
But since free Thinking is in fashion now,
Free Speaking we betwixt us may allow.
Unless the *Lark* or Linnet do propale,
These our Discourses sure non other shall,
Your Modestie your Fancie hath confin'd,
Let loose your Muse and tell me now your Mind.
Some hit the OVRTURE some the Meanning miss,
Now tell me freelie what you think it is.

DAMON.

Nicely *Amintor*, I can Mannage that:
'Tis a Raw IMBRYE, an unchristned Brat,
A Spurious *Foundling*, and PRELATICK MAGAT,
Bone of *Contention*, and KIRK-SESSIONS Fagot.
An *Ignis Fatuus* to say no more,
Contriv'd for Coying the PRETENDER O're.

A *Buble*, a *Chimera*, *Southſea* Cheat,
I Bluſh that I have no worſe Names to gi't
If ever it be turned to an Act
All our beſt Friends are fair to turn their Back
Prelates and *Jacobites* the Cauſe will gain
And Bloodie ſixty ſix come back again
May Heaven our King, our *Church*, and Country Bleſs
For we had never ſuch a Work as this
Foes laught at it, Friends hate to hear it nam'd
Drop it good Fathers, or we'll all be ſham'd

AMINTOR.

I love your Converſe, but we muſt not ſtay,
For I perceive our *Lambs* are gone aſtray.

DAMON,

I hope the next Aſſemblie now at Hand
Will all ſuch Innovations reprimand,
That Peace and Truth may flowriſh in our Land
If this ſhall, be neglected to be done
I tell you for I am a Prophets Son
You will repent it, when it is too late
For HANNIBAL is waiting at our Gate
ATREUS bold Sons and ſly ULYSSES ſmile
To ſee Mount *Etna* burning in our Iſle
If our own Hands our *Churches* Wall deſtroy
In Slips EPEUS Horſe and burns our *Troy*
Religion on the Ground will bleeding ly:
And once again to Heav'n *Aſtrea* fly.

EPILOGUE.

If any think in Satyr I exceed
Zeal for the Truth in my Defence may plead,
And if a Poet *born ſo, take in Hand*
Againſt me *on the other ſide to ſtand*
To battle't boldlie will be Health to me
And you once more may Damon *and* Amintor *ſee.*